## THREE PARTNERS;

The Big Strike on Heavy Tree Hill

By BRET HARTE

Copyright, 1897, by Bret Harte.

"And when it does come you'll see me and Eddy just waltzin' in and takin' the chief seats a the synagogue. And you'll have a free pass

to the show." Either he was too in confcated with his venge-[a] vision or the shadows of the room had deepened, but he did not see the quick flush that had risen, to his wife's face with this allusion to Barker, nor the after settling of her handsome reatures into a dogged determination equal to his own. His brind fury against the three partners did not touch her curiosity; she was only struck with the evident depth of his emotion. He had never been a braggart; his hostility had always been lazy and cynical, Remembering this, she had a faint stirring of respect for the undoubted courage and consciousness of strength shown in this wild but single-handed crusade against wealth and power; rather, perhaps, it seemed to her to condone her own weakness in her youthful and inexplicable passion for him. No wonder she had submitted.

"Then you have nothing more to tell me!" she said, after a pause, rising and going toward the mantel.

"You needn't light up for me," he returned rising also. "I am going. Unless," he added, with his coarse laugh, "you think it wouldn't look well for Mrs. Horncastle to have been sitting in the dark with-a stranger." He paused as she contemptuously put down the candlestick and threw the unlit match into the grate No. I've nothing more to tell. He's a fancylooking pup. You'd take him for 21, though he's only 16-clean-limbed and perfect-but for one thing -" He stopped. He met her quick look of interrogation, however, with a lowering silence that, nevertheless, changed again as he surveyed her flygre by the faint light of the window with a sardonic smile. "Ae favors you, I think, and in all but one thing, too." "And that?" she asked coldly, as he seemed

to hestate. "He ain't ashamed of me," he returned, with

The door closed behind him; she heard his heavy step descend the creaking stairs; he was gone. She went to the window and threw it open, as if to get rid of the atmosphere charged with his presence—a presence still so potent that she now knew that for the last five minutes she had been, to her horror, struggling against its magnetism. She even recoiled now at the thought of her child, as if, in these new confidences over it, it had revived the old intimacy in this link of their common flesh. She looked down from her window on the square shoulders, thick threat, and crisp matted hair of her husband as he vanished in the darkness, and grew a breath of freedom-a freedom not so much from him as from her own weak ness that he was bearing away with him into the exonerating night.

She shut the window and sank down in her

chair again, but in the encompassing and compassionate obscurity of the room. And this was the man she had loved and for whom she had wrecked her young life! Or was it love? and if not, how was she better than he? Worse, for he was more loyal to that passion that had them together and its responsibilities than she was. She had suffered the perils and range of maternity, and yet had only the mere animal yearning for her offspring, while he had taken over the toll and duty and even the devotion of parentage himself. But then she remembered also how he had fascinated her-a simple schoolgirl-by his sheer domineering strength, and how the objections of her parents to this coarse and common man had forced her into a clandestine intimacy that ended in her complete subjection to him. She remembered the birth of an infant whose concealment from her parents and friends was compassed by his low cunning; she remembered the late atonement of marriage proffered by the man she had already begun to loathe and fear, and whom she now believed was eager only for her inheritance. She remembered her abject compliance through the greater fear of the world, of the stormy scenes that followed their fil-omened union, of her final abandonment of her husband, and the efforts of her friends and family who had res-

She was glad she remembered it; she dwelt upon it, upon his cruelty, his coarseness and vulgarity, until she saw, as she honestly believed, the hidden springs of his affection for their child. It was his child in nature, however it might have favored her in looks; it was his own orutal self he was worshipping in his bruta! progeny. How else could it have ignared her its own mother? She never doubt ed the truth of what he had told her she had seen it in his own triumphant eyes. And yet she would have made akin! mother; she remembered with a smile and a slight rising of color the affection of Bark-r's baby for her: ale remembered with a deepening of that color the thrill of satisfaction she had felt in her husband's fulminations against Mrs. Barker, and, more than all, she felt in his blind and footish hatred of Barker himself a deticious condonation of the strange feeling that had sprung up in her heart for Barker's simple, straightforward nature. How could be under-stand; how could they understand (by the plural she meant Mrs. Barker and Borncastle) a character so innately noble? In her strange attraction toward him she had felt a charming sense of what she believed was a superior and even matroniy protection; in the utter isolation of her life now-and with her husband's foolish abuse of him ringing in her cars it seemed a secred duty. She had lost a son Providence had sent her an ideal friend to replace him. And this was quite consistent, too with a faint smile that began to play about her

Providence had sent her an ideal friend to replace him. And this was quite consistent, too, with a faint smile that began to play about her mouth as she recalled Barker's delightful and irresistible youthfulness.

There was the clutter of hoofs and the sound of many voices from the street. Mrs. Horncastle knew it was the "down coach" changing horses: it would be off again in a few moments, and, no doubt, bearing her husband away, with it. A new iseling of relief came over her as she at last heard the warning "All aboard." and the great vehicle clattered and rolled into the darkness, trailing, its burning lights across her walls and ceiling. But now she heard steps on the staircase, a pause before her room, a whisper of voices, the opening of the door, the rustle of a skirt, and a little feinnine city of protest as a man appearently tried to follow the figure into the room. "No, no. I tell you no." repronstrated the woman's voice in a hurried whisper. "I's won't do. Everyboay knows me here. You must not come in now. You must wait to be announced by the servant, Hush. Go:"

There was a slight struggle, the sound of a kies, and the woman succeeded in finally shut with a certain familiarity, toward the mantel, struck a match and lit the candle. The light shone upon the bright eyes and slightly flushed face of Mrs. Barker. But the motionless woman in the chair had recognized her voice and the voice of her companion at once. And then their eyes met.

Mrs. Harker drew back but did not utter a zry. Mrs. Horncastle, with eyes even brighter than her companion's, smiled. The red suddenly retarned to Mrs. Harker's cheek.

"This is my room," she said indignantly, with a seesoing gesture around the walls."

"I should judge so," said Mrs. Horncastle, following the gesture, "but," she added quietly, "they put me into it. It appears, however, they do not expect you.

"If have you were asleep when I came in."

"Should judge so," said Mrs. Horncastle, following the gesture. "I have you come in."

"No," said Mrs. Horncastle, "I wa

of her skirk. "I suppose I must go and zet a room: there was nobody in the office when I came. Everything is badly managed here sines my father took away the best servants to Hyractus." She moved with affected carelessuess to ward the door.when Mrs. Horncastle, without rising from her seat, said:

"Why not stay here?"

Mrs. Parker brightened for a moment. "Oh," she said, with polite ceprecation, "I couldn't think of turning you out."

"I don't intend you shall," said Mrs. Horncastle. "We will stay here together ontil you so with me to Hymettus, or until Mr. Van Loo leaves the hotel. He will hardly attempt to come in here again if I remain."

Mrs. Barker, with a half laugh, sat down irresolutely. Mrs. Horncastle gazed at her curiously. She was evidently a novice in this sort of thing. But, strange to say—and I leave the ethics of this for the sex to settle—the fact did not soften Mrs. Horncastle's heart, nor in the least qualify her artitude toward the younger woman. After an awkward pause Mrs. Barker rose again. "Well, it's very good of you, and—and—I'll just run out and wash my hands and get the dust off me and come back."

"No. Mrs. Barker." said Mrs. Horncastle, rising and approaching her. "you will first wash your hands of this Mr. Van Loo, and get some of the dust of the rendezvous off you before you do anything elsa. You can do it by simply telling him, should you meet him in the hall, that I was sitting here when he came in and heard everything. Depend upon it, he won't troubleyou again."

But Mrs. Barker, though inexperienced in love, was a good fighter. The best of the sex are. She dropped into the rocking chair, and began rocking backward and forward while still togging at her gloven, and said, in a gradually warming voice: "I certainly shall not magnify Mr. Van Loo's illines to that importance. And I have yet to learn what you mean by talking about a rendezvous. And I want to know, "she continued, suddenly stopping her rocking and the rund while sill tow with yours—which will be the inevitable result

one end-to put you in my place at last, to be considered the fair game afterward for any man who may succeed him. You can test him and the truth of what I say by telling him now that I beard all."

"Succeed he doesn't care what you have heard? said Mrs. Barker sharply. "Suppose he says nobody would believe you, if 'telling' is your game. Succeed he is a friend of my bushand and he thinks bim a much better guardian of my reputation than a woman like you. Suppose he should be the first one to tell my inseen of the slander invented by you?"

For an instant Mrs. Horncastle was taken aback by the audacit of the woman before her. She knew the simple confidence and boyish trust of Berker in his wife, in soite of their sometimes strained relations, and she knew how difficult it would be to shaked. And she had no idea of betraying Mrs. Barker's secret to him, though she had made this scene to him, though she had made this scene to him, though she had made this scene to him, though she had walled to save Mrs. Barker's secret from a corapromising situation, even if there was a certain viridicilveness in her experime her to harself. Yet also knew it was quite possible now, if Mrs. Barker had 'innediate access to her husband, that she would consince him of her perfect isnacence, a Newsetteless, she had sail great confidence in Van Loo's fear of standel and his uiter unmaniforest the serious fear of standel and his uiter unmaniforest she had sail great confidence in Van Loo's fear of standel and he when she considered the sevident risk he mas running now. Her faue, however, betrayed nothing. She drew back from Mrs. Barker, and with an indifferent and grecolul greater toward the door, said, as she leaned applications in the consequences of your foily I shall be willing to bear even his blame."

"Whatever I do," said Mrs. Barker, rising hoily, "I thell not say here any longer to be insuited." She flounced out of the room and swet down the staircase into the office. Here she found an overworked clerk, and with crimson cheeks an found the room very confortable, but it was acculated whether she would stay over night or go on to frometus. Had anybedy been insulfing for her. She expected to meet friends. No? And her escort—the gentleman who carse with her was possibly in the billiard room or the par?

room or the par?"
"O, no. He was gone," said the clerk.
"Gone," echoed Mrs. Harker. "Impossible.
He was he was here only a moment are."
The clerk rang a bell sharply. The stableman soccared.
"That tall, smooth-faced man, in a high hat, who came with the lady," said the clerk severely and concisely, "didn't you tell me he was gone."

who came with the lady," said the clerk severely and concisely, "didn't you tell me he was gone?"
"Yes, sir," said the stableman.
"Are you sure?" interrupted Mrs. Barker, witiga dazzling smile that, however, masked a sudden tightening round her heart.
"Quite sure, miss." said the stableman, "for he was in the vard when Steptoe came after missing the coach. He wanted a buggy to take him over to the Divide. We hadn't one, so he went over to the other stables, and he didn't come back, so I reckon he's gone. I remember it because Steptoe came by a minute after he'd gone in smother buggy, and, as he was going to the Divide, too, I wondered why the gentleman hadn't gone with him."
"And he left no message for me? He said nothing?" asked Mrs. Barker, quite breathless, but still smilling.
"He said nothing to me but 'Isn't that Steptoe over there?' when Steptoe rame in. And I remember he said it kinder suddent, as if he was reminded o' suthin' he'd forgot, and then he asked for a buggy. Ye see, miss." added the man, with a certain rough consideration for her disarpointment, "that's mebbe wip he clean forgot to leave a message."

Mrs. Barker turned away and ascended the stairs. Selfishness is aulek to recognize sei-

he assed for a burgy. Ye see, miss," added the man, with a certain rough consideration for her disappointment, "that's mebbe why he clean forgot to leave a message."

Mrs. Barker turned away and ascended the stairs. Selfishness is quick to recognize selfishness, and she saw in a flash the reason of Van Loo's abandonment of her. Some fear of discovery had alarmed hia; perhaps Steetoe knew her husband; perhaps he had heat see him since their playful strucyle at the door—he had recognized the woman who was there, and the selfish coward had run away. Yes: Mrs. Horneastle was right; she had been a miserable dupe.

Her cheeks blazed as she entered the room she had just quitted, and threw herself in a chair by the window. She bit her lips a she remembered how for the last three months she had been slowly yielding to Van Loo's cautious but insinuating solicitation, from a flirtation in the San Francisco hotel to a clandestine meeting in the street; from a ride in the suburbs to a supper in a fast restaurant after the theatre. Other women did it who were fashionable and rich cs Van Loo had pointed out to her. Other fashionable women also gambied in stocks and had their private broker in a "Charley" or a "Jack." Why should not Mrs. Barker have business with a "Pauli" Van Loo, particularly as his fast craze permitted the fair gambiers to call at private offices without fear and without reproach? Mrs. Barker's vanity, Mrs. Barker's shobbleiness, were fattered by the attentions of this polished gentleman with a foreign name, which are had the flavor of nobility, who never picked up her fan and handed it to her without bowing, and always rose when she sitered the room.

Mrs. Barker's scant schoolsirl knowledge was touched by this gentleman who spoke French fluently, and delicately explained to be retered the room.

Mrs. Barker's scant schoolsirl knowledge was touched on the fish of the fashionable Van Loo,—with, no doubt, in time would become a craze, too. But it was a long step and there was it streak of rustle decorum in M

was some secret understanding between them, and that she-Mrs. Barker-was the dupe of them both! What was she doing in the hotel at such a moment? What was her story of going to Hymettus but a lie as transparent as her own? The tortures of jealousy, which is as often the incentive as it is the result of passion, began to rack her. She had prebably as yet known no real passion for this man, but with the thought of his abandoning her and the conception of his faithlessness came the wish to hold and keep him that was dangerously near it. What if he was even then in that room, the room where she said she would not stay to be insuited, and they, thus secure against her intrusion, were laughing at her now? She half rose at the thought, but a sound of borses' hoofs in the stable yard streeted her. She ran to the window which gave upon it, and crouching down beside it, listened eagerly. The clatter of hoofs ceased, the stableman was taking to some one; suddenly she heard the stableman say, "Mrs. Barker is here." Her heart leaped. Van Loolhad returnes.

But here the vice of the other man which she had not yet heard arose for the first time clear and distinct. "Are you quite sure? I didn't know she left San Francisco."
The room recled around her. The voics was George Barker's, her husband! "Verry well," he continued. "you needn't put up my horse for the night. I may take her back a little later in the buggy."

In another moment she had swept down the passa ge and burst into the other room. Mrs. Horncastle was sitting by the table with a book in her hand. She started as the half-maddened woman closed the door, locked it behind her, and cast herself on her knees at her leet.

"My husband is here," she wasped. "What shall do? In heaven's range, held me."

In another moment she had awend down the caseae and bars into the there from. May be cased the read to be the there in the case of the cas

men was insuiting him "But," interrupted the laughing Barker. "that passenger may have been Demorest, who has just come from Greece, and surely Kitty would have recognized him."

Mrs. Horneastle instantly saw her blunder, Mrs. Horncastle instantly saw her blunder, and not only retrieved it, but turned it to account. Ah, yes! But by that time poor Kitty, unused to long journers and the hat, was utterly fagged out, was asleen and perfectly unrecognizable in veils and dusters on the back seat of the coach. And this brought her to the noint—which was that, she was sorry to say, on arriving the poor child was nearly wild with a headache from fatigue and had gone to bed, and she had premised not to disturb her.

The undisguised amusement, mingled with relief, that had overspread Barker's face during this lively recital might have pricked the conscience of Mrs. Horneastle, but for some reason i fear it din't. But it embuddened her to go on. "I said I promised her that I would see she wasn't disturbed, but, of course, now that you, her husband, have come. If—" "Not for worlds," interrupted Barker earnestly. "I know poor Kitty's headaches, and I never disturb her, poor child, excent when I'm thoughtiess." And here one of the most thoughtful men in the world in his sengitive consideration by others beamed at her with such snank and wonderful east that the arch hypocrite peters him what had fell the headaches, and it is not shown the world in his sengitive consideration by others beamed at his tone of the him which is not be the roots of her heir. When the world had been to the roots of her heir world, and, you see. I'm out think I'm a great bather to a clear-headed, sensible girl like Kitty. She knows people so much better than I do. She's wonderfully equipped for the world, and, you see. I'm out licky, as everybody says, and I dare say part of my luck was to have got her. I'm very glad she's a friend of yours, you know, for somehor I always fanced that you were not interested in her, or that you didn't understand each other, until now. It's odd that nice women don't always like nice women, isn't It'I'm glad she was with you, for I sas quite startled to hear she was here, and coul'n't make it out. I thought at first she might have got anxious about out little 'Sta,' who is with me and the nurses at Hymettus. But I'm glad it was Joniy a lark. I shouldn't wonder,' he added with a laugh. "although she always declares she isn't one of those 'loting liftoid mothers,' that she found it a little dull without he low, for all she toul to take him somewhere for a change." The situation was becoming more difficult for Miss. Hornoasile than she had conceived. There had been a certain exclement. In fair for this women her world and wit

In those days," he interpolated, with a thought ful look and a half tigh. "but then she wasn't married. I prome to her in this very roem! Lord! I remember how frightened I was." He stopped for an instant and then said with a certain timidity. "Do you mind my telling you semething about it?"

Mrs. Horncastle was hardly prepared to hear these ingenuous domestic details, but she smilled vaguely, although she could not suppress a somewhat impatient movement with her hands. Even Barker noticed it, but to her aurprise moved a little nearer to her, and in a half-entreating way said! "I hope I don't bore you, but it's something confidential. Do you know that she first refused me."

Mrs. Horncastle smiled, but could not resist a slight tose of her head. "I believe they all do when they are sure of a man."

"No!" said! Barker, eagerly. "you don't understand. I proposed to her because I thought I was rich. In a foolish moment I thought I was rich. In a foolish moment I thought I had discovered that some old stocks. I had had acquired a fabulous value. She was now a cervant to her father's greets—she refused[me. Refused me because she thought girl—a more servant to her father's greets—she refused[me. Refused me because she thought I uight regret it in the future, because she would not have it said that she had taken advantage of my proposal only when I was rich enough to make it."

"Well," said Mrs. Horncastle, incredulously, looking straight before her, "and then?"

"In about an hour I discovered my error, that my stocks were worthless; that I was still a poor man. I thought it only honest to return to her and tell her, even though I had no hope. Then she pitled me and cried and accepted me. I tell it to you as her friend." He drew a little nearer and quite fraternally laid his hand upon her own. "I know you won't betway me, though you may think it was manded and discomified, although she saw, with the inscrubble instinct of her sex, no inconsistency between the Kitty of those days and the Kitty now she was more practical

No. stop. Yes. I did know it. Do you remember once in San Francisco, when I found you with 'Sta' in your had in the drawing room? I know it then. You tried to make me think it was a whim—the fancy of a bored and wouried woman. But I knew better. And I knew what you were thinking. Shall I tell you?"

As her eyes were still cast down, although her mouth was still smiling, in his endeavors to look into them his face was guite near hers. He fancled that it boye the look she had worn once before.

what you were thinking. Shall I tell you?"

As her eyes were still cast down, although her mouth was still smilling, in his endeavors to look into them his face was quite near hera. He fameled that it bope the look she had worn once before.

"You were thinking," he said in a voice chich had grown suddenly quite hesitating and tremulous—he did not know why—"that the poor little baby was quite friendless and alone. You were pitying it—you know you were—because there was no one to give it the loving care that was its due, and because it was intrusted to that hird nurse in that great hotel. You were thinking how you would love it if it were yours, and how cruel it was that love was sent without an object to waste itself upon. You were: I saw it in your face.

She suddenly lifted her eyes and looked full into his with a look that heid and possessed lim. For a noment his whole soul seemed to tremble on the verze of their lustrous deriths, and he drew back dizzy and frightened. What he saw there he never clearly knew; but, whatever it was, reemed to suidenly chance his relations to her. to the room, to his wife, to the world without, he was a timpse of an world of which he was a damiringly not he were your of their prefere. Dut never with this feeling, to the prefere but never with this feeling, he had have a suiden sense that what he had seen there as he had himself evoked, that it was an answer to some question he had scarcely yet formulated, and that they were both now linked by an understanding and consciousness that was irretrievable, came over him. He rose awkwardly mid went to the window. She rose also, but more leisurely and easily, moved one of the becks of the table, smoothed out her skirts, and chanced her seat to a little sefa. It is the woman who always comes out of these crucial moments unruffled.

"I suppose you will be glad to see your friend Mr. Demorest when you go back," she said, pleasantly. "For of course, he will be at flymettus wastiding consclousness came the instinctive feeling that he could n "Yes, about Van Loo, you know," said Mrs.

"Yes, about Van Loo, of course," he
"O, certainly, about Van Loo, of course," he
returned hurriedly.
"And then," said Mrs. Horncasile brightly.
"I'll tell her. Stay," she interrupted herself
"I'll tell her. Stay," she interrupted herself
hurriedly. "Why need I say anything about
your having been here at all? It might only
annoy her, as you yourself suggest." She
stopped breathlessly with parted lips.
"Why, indeed?" said Barker vaguely. Yet
aid this was so unlike his usual trunffulness
that he slightly hesitated.
"Besides," continued Mrs. Horncastle, noticing it, "you know you can slways tell her
later if necessary. And," she added with a

charming mischieveusness, "as she didn't tell you she was soming, I really don't see why you are bound to tell her that you were here."

The sophistry pleased Barker, even though it put him into a certain retaliating attitude toward his wife which he was not aware of feeling. But, as lara, Hornoastle put it it was only a playful attitude.

"Certainly," he said. "Don't say anything about it."

Swamp.

toward his wife which he was not aware of feeling. But, as idra. Hornoastle put it it was only a playful attitude.

"Certainly," he said. "Don't say anything about it."

He moved to the door, with his soft, broadbrimmed hat swinging between his fingers. She noticed for the first time that he looked taller in his long black serape and riding boots, and, oddly enough, much more like the hero of an amorous tryst than Van Loo. "I know," she said brightly "you are easer to get back to your old friend, and it would be selfish for me to try to keep you longer. You have had a stupid evening, but you have made it pleasant to me by telling me what you to believe that I shall try to keep that rood opinion!" She spoke frankly in contrast to the slight worldly constraint of Harker's manner; it seemed as if they had changed characters. And then she extended her hand.

With a low bow, and without looking up, be took it. Again their pulses seemed to leap together with one accord and the same mysterious understanding. He could not tel! If he had unconsciously pressed her hand, or if he had unconsciously pressed her hand, or if he had unconsciously pressed her hand, or if he had unconsciously pressed down the staircase. Then she saidenly closed and locked the door with an instinct that Mrs. Barker might at once return now that he was gone, and she wished to be a moment alone to recover hereif. But she opened it again and listened.

There was a noise in the courtyard, but it sounded like the rattle of wheels more than like the clatter of a horsenam. Then she was overcome, a sudden sense of pity for the unfortunate woman still hiding from her husband, and felt a momentary chivalrous exaltation of spirit. Certainly she had done "good" to that wretched "Kitty" perhaps ahe had earned the epithet that Harker had applied to her. Perhaps that was to be her reward. I grieve to say that tears had come into the hall. It was quite dark, but there was a faint glimmer on the opposite wall, as if the door of Mrs. Harker's bedroom were aiar to

They had gone together, as he have proposed, in the buggy.

She ran swiftly down the stairs and entered the office. The overworked clerk was busy and querulously curt. These women were always asking such idiotic questions. Yes, Mr. Barker had just gone.

"With Mrs. Barker in the buggy?" ssked Mrs. Horneastle. "With Mrs. Barker in the buggy?" saked Mrs. Horncastle.
"No. as he came—on horseback. Mrs. Bar-ker left half an hour ago."
"Alone?"

ker left half an hour ago."
"Alone?"
This was apparently too much for the long-suffering clerk. He litted his eyes to the suffering clerk. He litted his eyes to the ceiling, and then, with painful mecision, and accenting every word with his pencil on the deak before him, said deliberately. "Mrs. George Harker-left-here-with her-escort-the-man-ehe-was-always-asking-for-in-the-buggr-at exactly-9:35." And he plunged into his work again.

Mrs. Horneattle turned, ran up the staircase, resentered the litting room, and, slamming the door behind her, laited in the centre of the room, panting, erect, beautiful, and menacing. And she was alone in this empty room, this deserted hotel. From this very room, her own husband had left her with a brutality on his lips. From this room the fool and liar she had tried to warn had gone to her ruin with a swindling hynocrite. And from this room the only man in the world she ever cared for had gone forth bewildered, wronged, and abused, and she knew now she could have kept and comforted him.

To be continued. To be continued.

CHOPIN'S "FUNERAL MARCH." How It Was Composed-Ziem's Recollections-The Skeleton and the Artist.

Very few people, I believe, and certainly none of those who heard the lugubrious concert rendered lately in the Catacombs of Paris, know that Coopin's "Funeral March" was at first performed by-a skeleton. It is thanks to the painter, Ziem, that we are now acquainted with the fact, says one of our Parislan contemporaries. On the first day of November-Hallowe'en of last year, while accompanying Ziem to his studio in Rue Lepic, I noticed that he was drying some tears from his eyes, just as he was crossing the threshold of his home. In the artist's heart tolled the knell of the funeral march, that awful lamentation of the immortal Chopin, "It is here." aid Ziem, "that this march was composed.

"We were four at dinner, 39 Rue de la Toud'Auvergne, at Paul Chevandier de Valdrome's, son of the peer of France. Besides the host, the guests were Prince Edmond de Polignac omie de Ludre, and myself. Paul was a painter of no little skill, and it was in his studio that we spent the evening. I availed myself of a moment, when conversation was beginning to flag, to steal behind a screen, to take hold of a skeleton-one like those frequently to be found in an artist's studio-and I feigned to be wrestling with this foe of another world. Prince de Poligrac enjoyed immensely the oddity of my notion. In turn he snatched the skeleton, made it execute all kinds of distortions and

de Poligrac enjoyed immensely the oddity of my notion. In turn le snatched the skeleton, made it execute all kinds of distortions and ghastly postures; lastly causing it to sit down in front of a piano. Standing by its side he guided the fineers of the unexpected performer and made them run on the keyboard.

"We had put out all the lights and ceased all conversations so as to relish fully this welrimusic, which seemed to arise from some far distant grave. We were there in deep silence, when suddenly we heard quite distinctly three loud knocks. Was it the advent of spirits? We did not know what to make of it, when a lamenting voice was heard crying, 'God of my foretathers, do not forsake me.' We burst out laughling, for we had recognized the voice of Paul, who was trembling. The joke had lasted too long: we lighted the candies and Comte de Ludre explained to us about the three knocks, it was he who, lying on the lounge, had struck the wainstoling with his fee. The skeleton was replaced behind the screen.

"Some time after that Chonin came here looking as George Sand has so well depicted him, his imaxination haunted with legends of the misty regions, besieged by unnamed phantoms.' After a frightful night seen struggling with spectres which had been clinging to him threatening to carry him to the lower regions, he had come to seek some rest with me. His relating his nightmares reminded me of the evening spent at Paul Chevandier's. I told him about it; he shuddered at my words and did not raise hi eye from a piano that I had bought precisely for his use. Have you a skeleton: was als inquiry. I had none, but I promised that he would find one there that evening. I asked Paul Chevandier de Vaidrome and the painter Ricard to dinner, and during desert a conainted Paul with the wish of Chopin, into something grand, awfut, and painful. Palid, with immeasurably distended eyes. Chooin, wrapped in a long shroud, was hugging, or his panting heart, the spectre which had hean of him painter Ricard to dinner, and during desert w

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GALESBURG, Ill., April 21.—A son of James Virter had a remarkable experience the other day with a large she wolf. The boy lives in Ontario Township and is but 14 years old. He left home on horseback, taking an axe and a dog, thinking that he might find a squirrel or two in the timber. After he had gone some distance, the dog charged toward a hollow log and began barking furiously, but did not dare enter. The boy, getting off his horse, kneeled and peered into the cavity, and saw glaring out upon him the flerce eyes of a large wolf, around which were six pupples. She snapped her teeth victously. The boy, with rare courage for one of his age, hastily sharpened some stakes with his axe and girove them over the entrance to the log, the dog meanwhile keeping the wolf inside. After having imprisoned the animal the boy mounted his horse, rode quickly home, and returned with a small revolver. He then, lying prone on the ground, began firing into the log, and did not cease until he had killed the wolf, which had made desperate efforts to get out. The lad killed the pupp with his axe and given the had killed the wolf, which had made desperate efforts to get out. The lad killed the pupp with his axe and then loaded his victims upon the horse. This week he was paid a bount in Galesburg on all seven wolves.

Swamp.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Copyright, 1897, by Joel Chandler Harris. XIII.

THE APPARITION THE FOX HUNTERS SAW. As the fall came on the young men (and some

of the older ones, too) began to indulge in the sport of fox hunting. They used no guns, but pursued Reynard with horse and hound in the English fashion. The foxes in that region were mostly gray, but the red ones had begun to come in, and as they came the grays began to pack up their belongings (as the saying is) and seek homes elsewhere,

The Turner old fields, not far from the Aber crombie place, and still closer to the Swamp, were famous for their foxes-first for the grays and afterward for the reds. There seemed to be some attraction for them in these old fields. The scrub pines, growing thickly together, and not higher than a man's waist, and the brier patches scattered about, afforded a fine coveri for Mr. Fox, gray or red, being shady and cool in summer time, and sheltered from the cold winter winds. And if it was fine for Mr. Fox it was finer for the hirds; for here Mrs. Partridge could lead her brood in safety out of sight of Man, and here the sparrows and smaller birds were safe from the blue Falcon, she of the keen eye and swift wing.

And Mr. For was as cupping as his poss was sharp. He knew that the bird that made its home in the Turner old fields must roost low; and what could be more convenient for Mr. Fox than that—especially at the dead hours of night when he went creeping around as noiselessly as a shadow, pretending that he wanted to whisper a secret in their ears I Indeed that was the main cason why Mr. Fox lived in the Turner old fields, or went 'there at night, for he was no tree climber. And so it came to pass that when those who were fond of fox hunting wanted to indulge in that sport they rose before dawn and went straight to the Turner old fields.

Now, when George Gossett and his patrolling companions ceased for a time to go frolicking about the country at night on the plea that they were looking after the safety of the plantations, they concluded that it would be good for their health and spirits to go fox hunting occasionally. Each had two or three hounds to brag on, so that when all the dogs were brought together they made a pack of more than respectable size.

Sunday, when the fall was fairly advanced, the air being crisp and bracing and the mornings frosty, these young men met at a church and arranged to inaugurate the fox hunt ing season the next morning. They were to go home, get their dogs, and meet at Gossett's, his plantation lying nearest to the Turner old fields. This programme was duly carried out. The young men stayed all night with George Gossett, ate breakfast before daybreak, and started for the Turner old fields. As they set out a question arose whether they should go through the Abererombie place—the nearest way—or whether they should go around by the

through the Abercrombie place—the nearest way—or whether they should go around by the road. The darkness of night was still over wood and field, but there was a suggestion of gray in the east. If the hunting party had been composed only of those who had been in the habit of patrolling with George Gossett, promit choice would have been made of the public road; but young Gossett had invited an acquaintance from another settlement to join them—a center man who had reached the years of maturity, but who was vigorous enough to enjoy a cross-country ride to hounds.

This gentleman had been told of the strange experience of the patrollers in Mr. Abercrombie's pasture lot. Some of the details had been suppressed. For one thing, the young men had not confessed to him how hadly they had been frightened. They simply told him enough the short cut through the Abercrombie pasture, the gentleman was eager to go by way of the gentleman was eager to go by way of the gentleman was eager to go by way of the gentleman was eager to go by way of the gentleman was eager to go by way of the gentleman was eager to go by way of the gentleman was eager to go by way of the gentleman was eager to go by way of the gentleman was eager to go by way of the gentleman was eager to go by way of the gentleman was eager to go by way of the formation, and, holding it by one corner, shock out through the Abercrombie pasture, the gentleman was eager to go by way of the described. When they displayed some hesitation in the matter, he rallied them smartly on the lack of nerve, and in this way shamed them into going the nearest way. George Gosset, who had the would have turned back, but in the event of pursuit he would be compelled to lead the way fethe others would have been embarrassing. If he was to be pursued at all, which they had passed on that memorable nich.

As they came to the double gites, they oung man who had insisted that Timoleon was made to the paralyzing senesthrough which they had passed on that memorable nicht.

As they came to the dou

ville a repetition of the paralyzing scenes through which they had passed on that memorable nicht.

As they came to the double gates, the young man who had insisted that Timoleon was Beelzebub concluded to leave an avenue by which to escape if the necessity arose. So he rode forward, dismounted, and opened the gates. Then he made a great pretonee of shutting them, but allowed them to rimini open instead. This operation left him somegiat behind his companions, as he intended it should, for he had made up his mind to wheel his horse and run for it if he heard any commotion shead of him. In that event the delay he purposely made would leave him nearest the gates.

Seeing that the young man did not come up as quickly as he should have done, George Gosset, in whom the spirit of mischief had no long periods of repose, esgested that they touch up their horses and give their companion a seare. This suggestion was promptly acted on. The commotion his companions made caused the young man to pause a moment before putting spur to his horse to rejoin them. This delay placed several hundred yards between him and the party with Gossett. He realized this as he rode after them, but was consoled by the fact that, in the event of any trouble, he had a better opportunity to escape than they did.

Hut he had hardly gone fifty yards from the double gates before he heard some sort of noise in that direction. He half turned in his saddle and looked behind him. The vague gray of the morning had become so inextricably mixed and mingled with the darkness of the night that such light as there was seemed to blur the vision rather than aid it. But when the young man turned in his saddle he saw enough to convince him that he was likely to have company in his ride after his companions.

He hesitated a moment before urging his horse into a more rapid gait. He wanted to see what it might be that was now so vaguely outlined. He strained his eyes, but could see nothing but a black and shapeless mass, which scened to be following him. He could see

so many sheep, this manageuvre having been instinctively made by the horses. The dogs, too, were acting queerly.

The men appeared to be somewhat surprised to see their companion come gailoping up to them. After riding away from the young man who had taken it upon himself to leave the double gates open, the huntsmen had concluded to wait for him when they came to the bars that opened on the public road. But the gallop of their Jorses had subsided into a walk when they were still some distance from that point. They were conversing about the meetls of their favorite dogs when suddenly they heard from behind them the sound of a galloping horse. They saw, as the young man had seen, a dark, moving mass, gradually assume the shape of a black horse, with a headless rider wearing a long, pale gray robe. The apparition was somewhat further from them when it passed than it had been from their companion, whom, in a spirit of mischlet, they had deserted, but the Black Thing threatened to come closer, for, when it had gone beyond them, it changed its course, described a half circle, and vanishes from signi on the side of the pasture opposite to that on which it had first appeared.

"What do you think now!" said George Gossett, speaking in a low tone to the gentleman who had been inclined to grow merry when the experience of the patrollers was mentioned.

"What do I think! Why, I think it's right."

queer if the chap we left at the double gates isn't trying to get even with us by riding around like a wild indian and waving his saddle blanket. The wild indian and waving his saddle blanket. The wild indian gentleman.

This put another face on the matter, and the gentleman made no further remark. In fact, before anything else could be said, the young man in question came raileping up. ed.

Thid you follows see if he inquired his way did it go! was the next question. There was no need to make reply. The direction in which the huntsmen glanced every second showed unmistakably that they had seen it. "Which way it the his manner in the proper was no need to make reply. The direction in which the huntsmen glanced every second showed unmistakably which way it went.

Left get out of and there was the remains even this simple proposition, for by common consent, and as by one impulse, horses and men started for the bars at a rapid trot. When the bars were taken down they were not left down. Each one was put carefully back in its proper place, for though this was but a slight barrier to bars were taken down they were not left down. Each one was put carefully back in its proper place, for though this was but a slight barrier to bars were taken down they were not left down. Each one was put carefully back in the terribe Black Thing, yet it was something.

Once in the road they felt more at case—not because they were safer there, but because it seemed that the night had suddenly trailed its dark mantle westward.

"Did you motice," said the young man who was meaning the common that the country is about it, insisted the young man was under the proper that the proper place, for though the was placed place for the proper place, for the proper place, for the place pla

near the bars that opened on the big road, flittee past them and disappeared.

Finding that there was no effort made to pur sue him Aeron checked the Black Stallion and listened. He heard the men let down the bar Finding that there was no effort made to pursue him Aeron checked the Black Stallon and listened. He heard the men let down the bars and put them up again, and by that sign he knew they were not patrollers.

Later on in the day the doubting gentleman, returning from the fox hunt, called by the Abercromble place and stouped long enough to tell the White-Haired Master of the queer sight he saw in the pasture at dawn.

"The boys were badly scared," he explained to Mr. Abercromble, "and I tell you it gave me a strange feeling—a feeling that I can best describe by saying that if the earth had opened at my feet and a red flame shot up, it wouldn't have added one whit to my amazement. That's the honest truth."

Mr. Abercromble could give him no satisfaction, though he might have made a shrewd guess, and Little Crotchett, who could have solved the mystery, had to make an excuse to get out of the way, so that he might have a hearty laugh.

And Aaron, when he came to see the Little Master that night, knew for the first time that he had scared the hunters nearly out of their wits.

had scared the hunters nearly out of their wita.

To be continued.

NATIONS IN MANUFACTURES. at the Head, Read the Figures.

There are actually more employees of manufactories, male, female, and child labor included. in Germany, Great Britain, and France than there are in the United States, though the popullation of the United States is 22,000,000 greater than the population of Germany, and 34,000,000 greater than the population of Great Britain or the population of France. There were returned by the last national census 5,091,000 persons as in "manufacturing and nechanical industries" in the United States, but included in this number were 150,000 seamstresses, 185,000 tailors, 60,000 milliners, 288,000 dressmakers, and 105,000 butchers, and with these and sundry other similar deductions from the number of those engaged in manufac turing and mechanical industries it is found by

from the number of those engaged in manufacturing and mechanical industries it is found by the last report of the Commissioner of taber that the actual number of persons engaged in manufactures in this country is 3,837,000. But though the number of employees is less than in other manufacturing countries, the United States stand at the head of them all in their products of manufactures, the product by hand, the volume of steam power used and the annual wares paid.

These figures show the total product of American manufactures to be in excess of \$7,000,000,000 a year, whereas the total value of the combined manufactures of Great Britain in a year amount to only \$4,100,000,000, France coines third with \$2,245,000,000, Busia fourth with \$1,815,000,000, and then the other countries having large manufactures as follows: Australiancy \$1,255,000,000, Italy \$605,000,000, Belgium \$510,000,000, Snain \$425,000,000, and Switzerland \$160,000,000. In respect to the product of manufactures by hand the United States are far in excess of all other countries. The average here is \$1,881, in Great Britain \$790, in France, in Belgium, and Germany the same, \$545; in Switzerland \$133, in Russia \$381, and in Italy \$265. In respect to the amount of steam power, used, the United States are far in excess of all other countries, with a total of 18,000,000 ferming 9,000,000, France 5,000,000, and Austria-Russia stand at the head of all manufacturing contricts, with a total of 18,000,000 here power, Great Britain has 12,000,000, Germany 9,000,000, France 5,000,000, and Austria-Russia sees. tries, with a total of 18,000,000 horse power Great Britain has 12,000,000, Germany 9,000,000, France 5,000,000, and Austria Hungary and Russia 2,500,000 cach. Belginm, which has less than one-seventh of the population of Austria Hungary, and less than one-fitteenth of the population of Russia, has 1,000,000 horse power, having increased at a rate more rapid than any other country in Europe. In respect to the wages paid, the United States again stand first, with an average of \$318.8 year, tirest Britain following with \$204. France with \$175, Beginn with \$165, Germany \$155, Switzerland and Austria-Hungary \$150, and spain and Russia \$120. The explanation of this apparent paradox, that while three other nations have a larger number of employees engaged in manufactures than the United States the United States. than the United States, the United States have a larger product from their manufactures each year, is found in the superfority of American workmen, who, as the figures show, turn out considerably more work per capita than the employees of any other country engaged in manufactures.